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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1605.

Choice Poetry.

KEEP IN STEP.

"Those who would walk together must keep in step."

Ay, the world keeps moving forward,
Like an army marching by;
Hear you not its heavy footfall
That reverberates to the sky?
Some hold spirits bear the banner—
Bands of servitude chant the song—
Lips of misery and sorrow
Make the tired hearts strong!
Life hears soldiers who march forward;
Who marches to be seen.

If you linger or turn back,
You could look to get a jostling
While you stood upon the track.
Keep in step!

My good neighbor, Master Standstill,
Come on if an i pave;
Not quite sure that he is dreaming,
Is he afterwards repose?
"Nothing good." he says, "can come
From this endless tearing on"
Ancient laws and institutions
Are decaying or are gone!"
We are rushing on to ruin,
With our mad, new-fangled way!"
While he speaks, a diseased volume,
As the heart of one has, says,
"Keep in step!"

Gentle neighbor, will you join us,
Or remain in "good old ways?"
Take again the fig-leaf apron
Of old Adam's ancient days;
Or become a hardy Britan—
Dwell the low hut with me,
And in down in dainty slumber,
Wrapped in skin of hungry bear—
Rear the hut amidst the forest,
Climb trees in fight or chase?
Ah! I see! you do not like it;
Then, if these "old ways" won't do
Keep in step!

Be natured, good Master Standstill,
All-wise Nature designed
Asiatrism and progression
For the human mind;
Generations left their blessings
In the store of their child,
Generations yet are hoping
For a greater glory still;
And the noble-hearted brothers
Are not jealous of our deeds—
We are fellow-workers with them,
We but go where they do lead!
Keep in step!

Our detachments of our army
May increase upon the hill,
While nowhere in the valley,
May enjoy "its own sweet will!"
This may answer to the wasteland,
That may echo to sublime;
But, in unity and concord,
They discern that such is brother!
Hence to honor and to marching
Is a good and practical way
You'll be justified if you hasten,
So don't strongly nor delay—
Keep in step!

Original Novelet.

VIOLA;
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
AUTHOR OF "FASHION AND FAMINE," "PETERSON'S DAUGHTER," "FORGET ME NOT," "FEMALE SPY," "ROSE OF TEXAS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by EDMUND DEACON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

THE ST-BOAT.

On quitting my hold of Tom, which I did the moment I fairly regained my senses, I deemed it best to know what had happened, and who was nowhere to be seen.

"He gone, Mass Hal—two, four, seven, ten war'go," replied Tom, who had his wary eye attended knowledge remarkable.

"Gone?" echoed I.

"Yes, Mass Hal; he wait 'bout short time, and den he tell me he 'fraid you kill him, and he do tabum. I wait, and wait, and wait—till, sure! I tink some one hab gone to sleep, and gone! I tink, he-he-he!"

Here Tom stopped, rubbed his head, looked significantly at me, and concluded in let the sentence end thus.

"Well, boy, never mind," I said. "I almost you without cause, I know, and you shall be paid for it. Come! take the lay the hoss, and let's home for now—there is no telling in what mood we shall find Harley."

In less than a half-an-hour, I stood upon the plazza of the only inn of a small but pleasant village, examining scarcely an object surveyed. Harry I? Well, this is indeed surprising! Why, I thought you had married your unknown nightingale, and had flown away, to have a honeymoon of air and sunshine. Harry your stomach! By-the-by, some fun cold cloaseed chicken, ham, venison, steak, and apple-dumplings in here —would have been hot, had you come in time. I thought I might as well order several dishes, seeing you are to defray the expenses. No fine old port here, or champagne; but never mind —we may find something else. Well, how did you get on, my how? But, joking aside, I have learned something important. No one here knows anything of D'Estang Ville; but a stranger, who overheard us making inquiry about the matter, politely informed me that he saw such a one stop at a road-side inn, some five miles from here; and that his wife's mother, and a very beautiful lady, slighted from it. I doubt, my dear friend, that you will not see as you have seen, Harry, I am for pushing on, and learning more about them to-night. Come, what do you say?"

"I am somewhat fatigued, Morton, with this day's work; but I understand your anxiety, and will go."

"Hasten, then, with your dinner—for I wish to get there before dark. Let me lie in a by-road; and though I have inquired out the way thither, I do not think it will be an difficulty in finding it, you I would rather do so by daylight. And now," he added, "I suddenly strike me, as something important. Had they should take a by-road, and stop at so obscure a place. Eh! how could we find out their track?"

"I cannot say that I apprehend like it," I replied, "though the by-road you speak of may be the nearest way to D'Estang Ville; and their simply stopping will prove nothing decisive."

"Well, we shall see," was Harley's reply.

While engaged with my meal, I gave him an account of my remarkable adventure in the way of love and romance, and after laughing heartily at the ludicrous opening, and still more ludicrous finale, he said—

"Now, Harry, you begin about as romantically as I did; but you end—"

"The sad is not yet, my dear fellow," I interrupted.

"Well, succeed to your affaire de cœur, since I see it has assumed that importance, and may it never cost you the sorrow mine has me. By Jove! Harry, fate and love seem to be at work for you as well as me. The maid, indeed, is the musical unknown, you should find the cousin of the poor fellow we saw die on the Neptune! And how strikes you thought then, that the mawkish interest you took in his widow, would eventually lead to the happiest, as well as most important, result of your life?"

"Stop, my dear fellow! you are giving into futurity a little too fast; it has led to nothing as yet, but a few letters of my approaching reconciliation—and we may never meet again."

Harley burst into a hearty laugh; and then with a deep sigh, a grave face, and doleful shake of the head, repeated my words:

"And—we may never meet again. Poor fellow! I see is is all over with you. Cupid has done his work. Well, come, you must assist me in my project now—and then if I can do you a good turn, rest assured I will."

From the hour of this conversation we were now stopping, which for various reasons I shall not name, we took the road leading almost due West; and having pursued this a couple of miles or so, we came to a narrow cross-road, which branched off to the left, into a deep, dark forest.

"This is our way," said Harley, pointing to it.

"You must be mistaken, I think," I replied: "that is not a carriage road—it is only a path for mules and horses."

"I am right, nevertheless," rejoined my friend; "for I made particular inquiry. And see!" he added, pointing to the course of the road, "carriage has passed along here, for here are the marks of wheels."

"Well, then, if you are sure you are right, let us push ahead; but truth compels me to say, I am not pleased with the path."

"Nor I," said Harley, looking troubled. "Why should they take this road at all—or a lonely way as this? Harry, I repeat, I do not like it; to me there seems something dark and mysterious about it. Can they have seen us, and should be—"

"Of that you may be certain," I replied; "else would they not, in the first place, have taken this wild, unfrequented road."

"Right, Harry—right; they may prove villains enough for any thing. Heavens! I grow uneasy at the thought. Why could we not have looked upon the affair in this startling light. Do you not suppose having passed the inn we have, they shall pay dearly for it. Ha! what a cut-throat looking place!" continued Harley, as we advanced more and deeper into the dark wood. "Let us stop and examine our weapons, Harry;" and as each drew forth a pair of Colt's revolvers, and saw that every thing was right, he added: "Well, after all, we have no great deal to fear, while we have such powerful friends as those to stand by us. And there are those—I say, my gentlemanly wedding guest, who stood respectfully back, with a box under each arm, who would not separate for a world—eh! Harry?"

"To the death," replied I; "a braver fellow never lived."

"Well, he must have one of these instruments of death. Can you shoot, Tom?"

"Never tried em, mass," answered the black.

"Come here;" and Harley explained to him how to use the revolver—a lesson which many readers know, simply consists, when charged, in pulling the trigger. "Well, Tom, what do you think now?"

"Spec' I could do dat, mass," grinned Tom.

"Well, take it, conceal it about your person, and mind, boy, you do not let it touch a tree or bush as you pass it! It absolutely necessary to send a ball through some villain's heart! Do you hear?"

"Yes, massa—I do! Jest's you tell 'um;" and Tom transferred the weapon to the pocket of his coat, in a feeling of pride at the confidence reposed in him, which I had seldom seen expressed on his honest countenance.

About a mile further on, we came to a creek, or small stream, which crossed the narrow road we were travelling. There being no bridge, we were obliged to ford it; which we did, without other inconvenience than wetting our feet—it being about knee deep in the most shallow part. This was passed, and we entered upon a still more heavily wooded and since turning into this by-path—for it hardly deserved the name of a road—we had seen no sign of a house or farm. Every thing looked soulless and gloomy. The trees were of immense size, and so common with himself rather than with another—when one finds that the human voice, even in his own, must prove discordant with his feelings.

We kept on perhaps a mile further—our road changing not for the better, and still without sign of habitation—when the sun went down, and the darkness of approaching night upon our lonesome way, making it impossible to distinguish objects at more than a couple of rods distance. As if to increase the gloomy solemn of our journey, we now occasionally heard the hideous howl of some hungry wolf, the hooting of neighboring owls, the chirping and humming of night insects, and the still more startling sound of the rattle-snake. Harley began to cross our path in numbers, before and behind, and I observed that, on numerous occasions during our course, he, as I instinctively did, kept his eye fixed upon the ground, as if in search of something.

"What is the matter?" I asked, at length, observing that he more than I bargained for. Were it not that—"

"Hush!" said a gruff voice, so close to us that both involuntarily started, and laid our hands on our weapons.

"Who are you?" demanded Harley, sharply and quickly.

"Well, stranger, first—who air you?" returned the voice, in that blood, strong accent, which proclaims the native of one of the Far South; and we now became aware, rather by sound than sight, that the speaker was directly in front of us.

"We are travellers," I hastened to answer.

"Is! another voice," said the unknown: "how many are ye?"

"By what right do you question, sir?" I demanded, beginning to grow indignant.

"Well, no particular right," answered the other—only I'm a trader'on, and this ain't the safest place in the world to run agin strangers."

"You have nothing to fear from us, if you are peaceably disposed," said Harley.

"Oh, as to that matter, reckon that ain't for you as well as me," replied the voice, in a dictatorial manner, you should find the sounds of the pure follow we saw die on the Neptune! and how strikes you thought then, that the mawkish interest you took in his widow, would eventually lead to the happiest, as well as most important, result of your life?"

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Our Picture Gallery.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE-HOUSE.

The State-House of the "Granite State" is at Concord, is appropriately built of Granite, and is 120 feet in length, by 90 in breadth. It occupies a conspicuous situation, and is surrounded by a park. The view from the cupola is very extensive and picturesque. The hills of the Union of Merrimack River, and Sunset contain several works of art among them.

Well, my good fellows," continued the captain, as for mere relation I will not tell you what occurs with the last!—good—"

"Yes, Captain; yes, your honor!" shouted all at once.

"No trouble in sliding now, eh?"

"Oh no, my Captain."

"What are you doing here?"

"Why," answered one, "we've just on our way out, and thought we'd stop and have a jolly lasting cup with old Mike."

"Well, right—you deserve to be rewarded for your kindness to a lower comrade. Here, my lads, is a couple of—no, I'll make it three—for your generosity, and—"

"Oh, Captain, Captain, Harley, in a tone of wild, half-frightened, half-joyful surprise, "you here? you here? you here? Thank God, you're safe!"

"Why, what's the matter with you, my lad? you look as if you'd been to travel first heavy weather."

"Any news on this road?"

"Why, no, I think not—only ways none what you're likely to call much."

"I am sent to find one Monsieur D'Estang, now abroad in Harley. "Somebody was left in charge of the house, and I was anxious to perceive the carriage of D'Estang had done the same. A mile, or perhaps a little more than a mile, still further on, we again struck the main road, much to our delight—for though neither of us was conscious of fear, we felt the deep shadow, yet there was something extremely unpleasant in the sensation of wandering in the dense, dark wood, in a section of country which we had good reason to believe lonely and desolate. Soon two horse after-wheels were discovered, by the sound, to be approaching us, and we drew our horses aside, in order to allow them to pass. The wheels and hoofs soon came sufficiently near to admit the gentle play of a horse, and I called out in my best manner:

"Hollo, there, friends! will you have the goodness to stop a moment?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Miscellaneous.

DEATH OF PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG.

The sudden death of the Austrian Prime Minister is said to have been partly owing to his chagrin at finding Metternich's advice was more favorably received by the Emperor than his own. The following is a brief account of his career:—

Prince Felix Louis John Frederic Schwarzenberg died of apoplexy, at Vienna, on Monday, the 2nd inst., in the 52nd year of his age. He was born on the 2nd of October, 1800, and was a nephew of the celebrated Prince Schwarzenberg, who, in 1813 and 1814, commanded the allied armies against Napoleon. The immense estates of the family were inherited by his elder brother, John. Felix devoted himself chiefly to diplomacy. In 1825, he was Secretary to the Austrian Legation at St. Petersburg, and, in that capacity, sheltered Prince Troubetskoi, who was concerned in the famous conspiracy which attended the accession of the present Czar to the throne. The ambassador was absent at the time, and Schwarzenberg, as acting head of the Embassy, resisted all demands of the Russian authorities for the surrender of the fugitive. Finally, the house was surrounded, and Trubetskoi gave himself up: but his friend and protector was obliged to leave Russia in consequence. Subsequently he went to London, where he distinguished himself chiefly by seducing and running away with a lady of high rank; he was prosecuted for this exploit in England, and as the damages and costs of the suit were never paid, he was declared an outlaw. Afterward, at Naples, where he was several years ambassador, he was equally notorious for his career of gallantry, and is said in one instance to have suffered the bastinado at the hands of an enraged husband. This embassy he resigned on March 28, 1848, as we believe, to serve under Marshal Radetzky, in Northern Italy. Finally, on November 21, of the same year, after Windischgratz had extinguished every trace of liberty at Vienna, and was on the point of marching to renew the process in Hungary, Schwarzenberg was made the Prime Minister of the Empire, which post he filled until his decease.

Had the over-ready talent, energy, and persistence, displayed by him in this capacity, been employed in behalf of liberty instead of against it, the future would have forgotten the earlier follies of his life in admiration of his later services to humanity; but as it is, history will record his name with execration. He is responsible for all the gloomy catalogue of crimes of which Haynau was the zealous executor. It was virtually by his authority that the thirteen Generals were executed at Arad, in violation of the terms implied at their surrender. He put to death the gallant and generous Louis Batthyanyi, a deed that even his apologists do not attempt to justify. He dictated the measures of treachery and severity that have rendered Hungary a waste of desolation, and re-established the overthrown despotism of the Hapsburgs. He framed the lying Constitution of March 4, 1849, and annulled it when its purpose was accomplished. Instead of the forms of liberty then promised, he has established a centralized despotism far more pervading, harsh, and burdensome than that of Metternich.

In Germany, also, it was Schwarzenberg who chiefly extinguished the embers of freedom that 1848 had lighted. His intrigues finished the Frankfort Parliament, and his bold and dashing arrogance rode over the remains of the Revolution, and the weak, sentimental King of Prussia at the same time. The same blow put out the ideas of German unity and Prussian predominance.

When the miserable Elector of Hesse Cassel had fled before the passive resistance of his subjects, it was Schwarzenberg who sent an Austrian army, in the name of the Frankfort Diet, which in contempt of Prussia he had revived, to restore the Elector and abolish the Constitution of his country. It was Schwarzenberg who sent troops to Northern Germany, and put an end to the war of Holstein with Denmark. Everywhere Prussia and sentimental Constitutionalism were humiliated and Austria exalted, by this quick and overbearing Minister. His last great project, that of a Customs' Union, including all Germany with the Austrian Empire, is left by his death unfinished.

Few men of our day have done so much in so little time as Schwarzenberg. That he was served by uncommon talent, we do not deny; but the best part of his success was due to a genius for audacity which even Danton might have envied. Had a conscience been added to his endowments, he would have accomplished infinitely less. Haughty, arrogant, unscrupulous, unforgiving, he yet had admirable elements of character, as witness his attempt to save Trubetskoi. In other circumstances, the energy and power of his nature might have been developed without its hateful qualities, and he might have left a fair fame behind him; but, as it was, they made him the tool of tyranny, and the scourge of his race.

TEMPERANCE.

The first Temperance Society in Massachusetts was formed in 1811, and began immediately to employ the pulpit and press in its favor, yet it was not till after fifteen years of earnest effort on the part of the friends [illegible] that they began to make themselves felt in the community. The tide of intemperance was not substantially checked until after nearly a score of years had been spent in the work.

Intemperance in New England was of slow growth. The Pilgrims came here a temperate people. For the first century after they arrived here, the seeds of intemperance were being sown steadily; but at the end of that century, there was no serious apprehension from intemperance. At the end of the second century, however, it had reached a fearful height. To tipple more or less was then the rule of life, and to abstain was the exception. And seldom was there ever a rule with fewer exceptions. Every householder kept it, and every one used it. It was dispensed to the laboring man as his right, and without it there was no hospitality. We were fast becoming a nation of sots. Now, all this did not arise without cause. There are nations where intemperance is almost wholly unknown. And that is not without a cause. I trace the intemperance among us, in a great degree, to the asceticism of our ancestors. By that I mean that feature in their religion that discarded all that was bright and cheerful and joyous in life as quite useless, if not decidedly pernicious, and families were afraid to have any amusements in their houses. In all this night of gloom there was one, and only one, bright spot. Though the pastor would not sing and dance with his flock, he would drink with them. Though the deacon would on no account entertain the parish at his house, he would at his dram shop.

Professors might not get excited with social enjoyments, but then they might get elevated over the bottle. For all that time the family hearth was doomed by religious asceticism to be an unsocial, unhospitable, cheerless place, from which the father of the family and his sons were glad to escape, even to a bar-room. During all that time, if any member of the family was tempted, as they naturally would be, to stray from that dismal home, there was no choice for him between the prayer-room and the tap-room. There was not in all New England a library, a reading-room, a gallery of arts, a museum, a garden, a concert-room, or a church even, that was free to him to enter.—There was no provision for him outside of his own house. The poor wretch who then left his own dismal home in New England, without money, was the most houseless, shelterless being on the face of the earth, unless he would consent to patronize the bar-room. And so for two centuries all who were not at home were to be found at the tap-room. That was the only canonical place of amusement, and there everybody went. And the state of things now is not much of an improvement on the state of things then. * * * * *

We must make our homes happier places for both parents and children than the tippling shops. When from any cause our people are tempted to stray away from their homes, we must have public places that are free to them, that shall be more enticing than the bar-room. Till those two things are attended to, we shall not establish temperance on a solid basis. Intemperance came in under social strictures, and now it must go out under generous social provisions for the happiness of the people.—*Correspondent of Boston Transcript.*

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE.—Burns, the poet, in one of his letters, sets forth the following as the true qualifications of a good wife:—"The scale of a good wifeship I divide into ten parts —good nature, four; good sense, two; wit, one; personal charms, viz. a sweet face, eloquent eyes, fine limbs, graceful carriage, (I would add a fine waist, too, but that is soon spoilt, you know,) all these, one; as for the other qualities belonging to, or attending on a wife, such as fortune, connexions, education, (I mean education extraordinary,) family blood, &c., divide the two remaining degrees among them as you please; only remember, that all these minor proportions must be expressed by *fractions*, for there is not any one of them in the aforesaid scale entitled to the dignity of an integer."

NEWSPAPERS.—Mayor Berry, of Williamsburgh, publishes a letter on the subject of moral treatment of the insane, in which he states that he has ascertained in his last visits to the Lunatic Asylum, that the reception of newspapers by that unfortunate class of patients, produced a very satisfactory impression upon them, and seems, decidedly, to call them back, for the moment, to some degree of reason.

☞ To obviate the inconvenience of the phrase "telegraphic despatches," the word Telegram is proposed. How would *Lisegram* do?

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	- - -	$5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

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All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

TROUBLE ON PARNASSUS.

Poets and Poetesses, as well as more practical people—to say nothing of editors—have their peculiar trials, temptations and difficulties. Carlyle says that "no beautifullest poet is a bird of paradise, sleeping on the ether with outspread wing." Alas! so far is this from being the case, that some of them are regular "mother Carey's chickens," children of the winds and of the storm; their appearance in the higher regions of the atmosphere being an undeniable sign that a tempest is approaching!

Such are the philosophical reflections with which we think it appropriate to introduce to our readers an account of a literary breeze that has recently made some stir in the world of *letters*—and in which Miss Alice Carey appears before the world in an *offensive*, and Grace Greenwood, a Miss Chesebro', and Mrs. E. Oakes Smith in a defensive attitude. The "ball opened" by the publication in the Cincinnati Gazette, of March 20th, of a letter of Miss Carey's, from which the following is extracted:—

"In some of the popular poetry of the day the poison of infidelity is widely diffused, the author 'for a pretence,' making nature his source of inspiration; for in reality he has no inspiration above the love of the sensuous, and no ability save what is mechanical. Amongst our women writers, I especially regret to see any of this spirit. Miss Chesebro', *a young aspirant for literary honors*, has in press a new book, in which, *I am told by one who has seen it*, she does battle, *according to her powers*, for the dark. I am also sorry for this, as she has honored me with a part of the dedication, and I would not willingly be thought to share the sentiment. There is, I think, in the trick of manner, the familiar and commonplace way of speaking of sacred things, the classing our Saviour with [illegible] ...[illegible] *writers, Grace Greenwood, E. Oakes Smith, and some other notable women.*"

To the above very mild and tender strain of sisterly reproof, Grace Greenwood replies in the "National Era," in a card "to her readers," as follows:—

At an ordinary time, I should not think of replying to an attack like this, come from whatever source it might, trusting soon to live it down, and indirectly to write it down. But now, I am peculiarly circumstanced, and must speak. Being on the eve of going abroad for many months, regarding my impaired health and the dangers of ocean-voyages, it behooves me to look to the possibility of my never returning—and so, before I go, I would set this matter right as far as lies in my power.

I think that you cannot fail to be surprised by the contemptuous and severe manner in which Miss Carey speaks of Miss Chesebro', an authoress whose writings have ever been distinguished by a high moral and religious tone.

Miss Carey has certainly a gracious way of her own of acknowledging the compliment of a dedication; she has also her own ideas of justice, in thus condemning a book UNREAD—of the kindly courtesy, the generous sympathy, the "aid and comfort" proper to be extended by a famous woman like herself, to a sister authoress —a patient, conscientious toiler in the all too unproductive fields of American literature, like Miss Chesebro'. But is it quite magnanimous in her, just at this time, when her fresh foreign bays are clustering so thick about her brows, to reach out her hand to rob us of our simple little wreaths of home-grown laurels? Is it fair in her to come crushing down upon us with all the weight of the *prestige* and authority conferred by the *Journal des Debats* and THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Miss Chesebro' and Mrs. E. Oakes Smith are well qualified to defend themselves, if they see fit, but, as for the charges brought against me, of holding infidel sentiments, and of often writing in "bold, bad style," I do not hesitate to pronounce them false. No thought poisoned with skepticism could ever have crept into my writings, for I have never harbored one in my heart. There, I have kept "pure through all these years" the Christian faith my mother taught me in my childhood. It is true that I have never set myself up as a religious teacher, it is true that I have so intense a detestation of cant and hypocrisy as to make me liable to err on the other side—and that I would rather at any time seem worse, than better than I am. It is true that where I feel strongly, I often make use of extravagant expressions, which I afterwards regret. It is especially true, that where the question of freedom is concerned, I have small reverence for men, however great and gifted, whom I believe false to liberty and to the oppressed, and sometimes speak of them bitter and burning words out of an indignant heart. But this fault, if it be a fault, is one native to a hasty and impassioned nature—one which time and the discipline of life alone can correct.

As to dealing lightly with sacred things, I can solemnly affirm that I have never been wilfully or consciously irreverent.

No distinct charge or dark insinuation can be made against the moral tone of an authoress without injury to the reputation of the woman, for out of a pure fountain issue no polluted waters. Miss Carey is a woman, and well knows this.

For a rude reproof from some politician whose party prejudices I had roused, or a sharp satire from some starched conservative whose exquisite sense of feminine propriety I had shocked, I could have seen some motive and acknowledged some provocation—I could have been prepared for such, could have parried the one with argument, and answered the other with a quiet smile; but this quick thrust of a sharp, unsuspected weapon, in a soft womanly hand, reached a heart up to that moment beating kindly toward her who struck. Two of us thus wounded, have beloved mothers, who doubly feel all hurt which comes to us; for the sake of the memory of *hers*, she should have spared ours this pain.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

As one of the organs of Public Opinion, to which tribunal these ladies by their respective publications have appealed, we would say, that it seems to us that Miss Alice Carey, highly successful as she has been in her literary *debut*, is one of the last that should fling stones about her so recklessly. To be sure, hers is a very pretty glass house, rose-tinted, ethereally transparent, gracefully moulded—a very snug domicile, in which to sit and sun herself in the sudden glory of applause that has streamed bewilderingly upon her—and so long as the occupant was peaceful, a glass house would answer every purpose. But when this fair vision assumes a belligerent attitude, striking about her right and left with a sharp, poison-tipped sword, we, as well as the victims of this unlooked-for attack, may well stand back in amazement and reconsider our judgment of its author. The public idea of Miss Alice Carey, a name as euphonious as one of her own softly-flowing lines, has been that of a gentle maiden, with a soul full of sweet and beautiful fancies—and such fancies only—and possessing a charming talent for pouring them out in musical verse.—Viewed in this tender light, as one would call her to strict account for the imperfect moral tone of her writings—for the deficient faith, the trembling hope, the general religious immaturity. Miss Carey, with the halo of young genius about her, a modest "aspirant for literary honors," has been treated with the gentlest consideration; but when she has the temerity to step out into the light of common day, as the merciless censor of her sister authors, we feel impelled to give our opinion that she has neither the strength of intellect nor the elevation of soul which would make such an assumption fitting. As to the justice of her accusations, we do not deny that Grace Greenwood has sometimes laid herself open to censure by errors of speech, such as naturally proceed from an impulsive temperament, a warm heart, and an exuberant imagination. In her letters especially—a recent one particularly—phrases have sometimes occurred which are fairly open to the charge of being wanting in proper reverence. But to confound such errors as these with "downright skepticism," is not only a great failure in Christian charity, but shows a lamentable want of judgment. Does Miss Carey know what it is to charge a woman with "downright skepticism?" Has she considered that such an accusation, if sustained, sweeps away the very base and foundation of her character? We think she could not have considered it—we think it charity to believe that the error was less one of the heart than of the judgment.

As to Miss Chesebro', and Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, we are not sufficiently acquainted with their writings, to speak with positiveness as to their general tone. The former seems to have dedicated a late work to Miss Carey, for which she has thus received an acknowledgment—over the left. We judge from this that the dedication was without permission—a practice not to be commended; but which we never before knew met with such a rebuff from the author meant to be complimented. Our idea of Miss Chesebro' is of a lady who writes in a rather cloudy manner, and whose errors would have to be very great indeed to excuse such an attempt to annihilate her. What excuse is there for assaulting a butterfly, even if she does flutter occasionally, unknowing what she does, into "the dark," as if she were Apollyon himself.

As to Mrs. E. Oakes Smith—if a lecturer on Woman's Rights is not able to take care of herself against a sister woman, the day of "female emancipation" must be postponed for a century or two, at the least. Judging from such of her writings as we have seen, we consider Mrs. Smith, in general intellectual ability, and moral tone, quite the equal, to say the least, of Miss Carey.

QUESTIONS AND FACTS.

WHALEBONE SHAVINGS.—A correspondent inquires whether whalebone shavings can be rendered profitable as a manure—what sort of soil they are best suited for, and in what manner should they be applied? We have published several agricultural questions of late, in compliance with the wishes of our correspondents, but have received no answers as yet. Perhaps the answers will be exceedingly wise when they do come.

ABOUT A BARREL.—Another correspondent—a "Yankee," of course—wishes to know, "If a barrel be knocked to pieces, and the pieces again formed into a barrel, is it the same or another?" We refer the question to the Debating Societies generally.

The same correspondent informs us that the "mysterious tracks" recently seen in the vicinity of Taunton, Mass., "are now generally conceded to be those of a *nightmare.*"

SAD.—"G. H. M," of "Patriot," Wayne County, Tennessee, says that on the 6th of April a terrific storm passed through that part of the country—blowing down trees, houses, &c. It swept a space of about sixty rods in width. A large tree stood near the house of Mr. Joseph Welles, the tree was blown down, it fell on the house, and killed Mr. Welles, his wife, child, and mother.

SEND US THE DOCUMENTS.—A correspondent inquires whether a sketch of "our new Territory, Minnesota," would be acceptable? We have had similar inquiries relative to their places of abode, from others. To all we have but one answer,—if the sketches are well-written, we like to receive, and will publish them; if they are carelessly written, we have no time to put them into proper shape. No lazy individual need send any hodge-podge to us, with a request that the editor should "correct mistakes," &c. Our own proper business takes all our time, and some hours over.

A VEGETABLE DIET.—Bayard Taylor, in a late letter to the Tribune, speaks as follows of the effect of a mere vegetable diet, even in the hot regions near the equator:—

The scenery of the Nile, Southward from Shendy, is again changed. The tropical rains, which fall occasionally at Abou-Hammed and [illegible] and there [illegible] inward from the river are covered with a growth of bushes and coarse grass, which also appears in patches on the sides of the mountains. The inhabitants cultivate but a narrow strip of beans and dourra along the river, but own immense flocks of sheep and goats, which afford their principal sustenance. I noticed a new kind of grain, called *dookhn*, of which they plant a larger quantity than of dourra. It is a gramineous plant, somewhat resembling "timothy grass," but with a larger head and heavier seeds. They make from it a coarse, black bread, which they say is more nutritious than wheat. Mutton, however, is the Ethiopian's greatest delicacy. Notwithstanding this is one of the warmest climates in the world, *the people eat meat whenever they can get it, and greatly prefer it to vegetable food.* The sailors and camel drivers, whose principal food is dourra, are, notwithstanding a certain quality of endurance, *as weak as children, when compared with an able-bodied European, and they universally attribute this weakness to their diet.* This is a fact for Mr. Sylvester Graham to explain. My experience coincides with that of the Ethiopians, and I ascribe no small share of my personal health and strength, which the violent alternations of heat and cold during the journey have not shaken in the least, to the fact of my having fared sumptuously every day. If I had adopted a diet of rice and water, or bran and turnips, I should not be here to give this testimony.

CONGRESSIONAL BRAWLING.—If the following facts, stated by a European correspondent of the New York Tribune, do not have some effect upon the minds and conduct of the Representatives of the American People in Congress, they must be past all reasonable hope of amendment:—

"A late number of the *Charivari* contains a vignette representing a knock-down in the American House of Representatives. The two most prominent combatants are meant, I suppose, for Messrs. Wilcox and Brown. I shall carefully keep the engraving, for I have hitherto been destitute of the portraits of any of my country's legislators. But, seriously, if the gentlemen of the United States Congress were only aware of the humiliation and shame that their conduct has caused their countrymen abroad, if they knew that the Americans here actually dread the arrival of the steamers, for fear of new accounts of ruffianism from the Capitol, I think that perhaps they might, for our sakes, if not for their own, abstain from any further improprieties of the sort. On the arrival of the Franklin, no other item of American news was published in the French papers than the set-to between the two Mississippians. Heaven knows where they got their details from, but their accounts all agreed in one particular, that "screams of joy," and "shouts of applause" proceeded from the sovereigns in the galleries. I read the history of this affair in thirty-four different French papers, in journals of the town and country, Paris, and the departments. The many thousands of readers, who never before heard of Messrs. Wilcox and Brown, have made their acquaintance under not very favorable auspices."

CURIOUS.—In the recent duel between Messrs. Broderick and Smith, in California, the former took out his watch before the firing, and handed it to his second, remarking that he believed it was not in accordance with the "code of honor" to wear it. His second, however, replied that it was both customary and allowable, and returned it to him. In the course of the duel, a shot struck the watch, which thus probably preserved its owner's life.

We see it stated that Mr. Broderick's second was mistaken—that the wearing of a watch is not allowable in such ridiculous and unchristian affairs. The question therefore arises, Is not Mr. Broderick, according to the "laws of honor," bound to consider himself a dead, or, at least, a very severely wounded man?

THE GOVERNOR'S FRESHET.—Just about the time the storm was doing so much damage, a freshet came along from Governor Bigler, in the shape of a Veto Message, and washed down newly-erected *banks* in every direction. The veto was a regular tan-strike, and, in the classic language of the day, has "made Rome howl." A very uncommon thing, it pleases both the Bank and Anti-Bank men. The latter like it, because it restricts the issue of paper money somewhat, and from a dislike to Banks generally; while the former like it, because it gives the existing Banks more of a monopoly.

ARISTOCRATIC WIT.—To ridicule the Secret Ballot Law in the late Rhode Island election, one hundred of the nabobs of Newport turned out in *white kid gloves*, and put the envelopes containing their votes, into the box with *silver sugar tongs.*

We cannot believe, except upon the strongest kind of evidence, that "one hundred" such fools can be found in Newport, or any other New England city. For that matter, we doubt the whole story.

TEMPORARY HOME.—The Temporary Home Association will hold its Annual Meeting at the Sansom Street Hall, on Thursday next, the 6th of May, at 3½ o'clock. The public are particularly invited to attend.

THE MORMONS.

We give another communication from our Mormon "Elder" this week. It will be seen that he claims for his Church the power of working miracles—a thing easier claimed than proven. Very appropriate to this matter, is the following, which we recently came across from the "London News:"

A MORMON MIRACLE.—A boiler-maker, who was a Mormonite, met with an accident lately at Liverpool, from the nut of a screw which flew off while he was at work, and struck him on the eye with such force as to destroy the pupil. The man was recommended to go to Dr. Neill, the eminent oculist, at the Eye Institution, Mount Pleasant; but, being a good Mormon, he preferred going to the Elders for the laying on of hands, &c., that his sight might be restored. The Elders saw the difficulty, and consulted together, when one of them with a strong Yankee accent said, "Well, have you employers?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, what did tha tell you to du?" Answer—"They advised me to go to Dr. Neill." "Very well," said the Elder, "du you go to Dr. Neill, and *whatever he does we will bless and God will bless it tew.*" The man accordingly went to Dr. Neill, but whether the pupil of his eye was restored or not, he got his vision in another way, and saw enough of Mormonism to leave it.

We also see it stated in one of our exchanges that a Welsh miner, named Powell, who recently, with his wife and family, arrived at St. Louis on his way to the [illegible] Salt Lake, has written a letter to his friends at home, [illegible] in the course of which he gives a sad account of his [illegible]avels and troubles. He describes Mormonism as a system of roguery and plunder, and adds:

"It is nothing but a mere humbug—I have found it to my heart's sorrow. It would have been better for us not to have been born, than to have come here to be Mormons. They will take all from you at home, and starve you when you come here, if they have the chance, and *take your wives from you.*"

The most miraculous thing about Mormonism is the ability its leaders heretofore have shown in gulling thousands of poor, ignorant creatures—nine-tenths of the men of ability that belong to it, probably are not deceived at all as to its character and merits. But this miracle is one which has had its precedents in the hundreds of kindred delusions that have blazed up like dry wood for a time, and then suddenly sunk into darkness.

☞ The attention of the musical circles of Germany has been lately excited by the *debut* of a young pianist and composer, named Frederick Gernsheim, only ten years of age, who is pronounced to be one of the greatest wonders in the history of music. He intends visiting Paris and London.

As this is the great day of "compromises," we would suggest that an attempt be made at once to "compromise" with the young "*greatest wonder in the history of music*" above alluded to. Perhaps $5,000 now would buy his promise never to set his foot upon any part of the American Continent. If some such arrangement be not made, he will be coming over here one of these days, and carry back his hundreds of thousands. We should not be surprised if Barnum had hold of him already.

By the way, we perceive that Barnum says that "printers' ink" is the secret of his success. Very true—but we will explain how he uses the ink. He spends say $100 in getting up a public curiosity that will lavish thousands to gratify itself. Thousands went to see and hear Jenny Lind from pure curiosity, to one who went because he loved music.

JAPAN.—From some recent official publications, we perceive that the Government of Japan informed the Government of the U. States, about a year ago, (through the minister of the Netherlands,) that, since 1842, foreign vessels cast upon the shores of Japan, or which come there in want of provisions, have such articles as are needful granted to them, on request. The communication goes on to state:—

"For fear, however, lest this determination, prompted as it has been by feelings of humanity, should give rise to any false interpretation, the Government of Japan has solicited that of the Netherlands to inform the other Powers that the above-mentioned resolution does not infringe upon, or otherwise imply any modification whatever of the system of separation and exclusion, which was adopted more than two centuries ago, by the Japanese Government, and since the establishment of which, the prohibition against allowing any foreign vessel to explore the Japanese coast, has been constantly in force."

THE RECENT STORM.—We have accounts from all portions of the Atlantic States, of the disastrous effects of the late tremendous storm. On one turnpike in Virginia, fifteen bridges were carried away. Through Virginia, the District of Columbia, Maryland, [illegible] New Jersey, New York, [illegible] the New England States, the storm swept—flooding the creeks and rivers, and carrying away bridges, mills, lumber, flour, and, in some cases, even houses and people. Well, the good part of it is, that the earth needed a good soaking after the Autumn's drought, and it has got it. We warned our readers some months ago to look out and make preparations for the annual freshet, and we hope they acted accordingly, as far as possible.

AMUSING.—The best joke we have read of lately, is the fining of the "Diario," published at Havana, $5,000, for its *abuse* of the Government of the United States. "La Cronica," the Spanish paper published in New York, has been prohibited from circulating in the Spanish dominions, on the same account. After reading this, we are not surprised to learn that "large quantities of hail fell at Havana on the 17th." The publishers of the "Diario," boiling over in their loyalty to Spain, must have thought it a rather "cool" affair on the part of the mother country. It is often as dangerous to attempt to serve, as to oppose, a despotism.

INTERVENTION.—A correspondent sends us an article approving of our course relative to Intervention—only he would not even go so far as Gen. Cass does. We would publish his communication, only that we fear our readers, like ourselves, are tired of the subject. The danger of armed-intervention in European affairs, if there ever was any, is now very like a mile seen through the wrong end of a spy-glass.

NO BACKING OUT.—The Stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad have voted in favor of the $350,000 subscription to the Pennsylvania and Ohio Road. None of the municipal bodies holding stock voted—the decision being left to the individual Stockholders. Who will say, after this, that "corporations have no souls?"

The vote stood 16,678 in favor of the subscription, to 1,977 against it.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—Our country readers and citizens interested in the noble calling of Agriculture, in this and the adjoining States, will please take notice that the Annual State Fair will be held at the goodly city of Lancaster; the inhabitants of that place having raised the necessary amount of funds to erect the stalls, tents, and to meet other contingent expenses.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—It appears that the resolution granting the public arms of Ohio to Kossuth only passed the Senate. The House has since very wisely negatived the resolution.

New Publications.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Published Quarterly. Phila: Blanchard & Lea.

The April number of this periodical is well-filled with matter valuable to the medical profession, among which we notice a case of "Excessive Narcotism" cured by cold water. A little child who had been over-dosed with "Baker's Specific," was apparently dying, and beyond all other means of relief, when the attendant "called for a bucketful of the coldest spring or pump water they could get, and a pitcher; they were soon brought. I got one of the females to hold the child, in such a position that I could pour the water over its head without wetting its clothes. I poured, in a small, continuous stream, perhaps a gallon on the crown of its head, when it began to show some signs of muscular contraction; I continued it a little longer, when it roused up and cried lustily, and kicked and plunged about, so that we desisted." The child recovered without any further difficulty. Another case, a girl of eighteen, who had taken laudanum, was roused from the deathly stupor it induced, in the same manner. We are glad to spread the knowledge of so pure and simple a remedy as cold water. People are finding out, of late years, to how many uses it may be applied.

ADVENTURES OF COL. VANDERBOMB, (of Slough Creek) in Pursuit of the Presidency. Also, the Exploits of his Secretary. By J. B. JONES, Ex-editor of the Official Journal. Phila.: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

The humor of this book will be best perceived by those who are well posted up in the political events of the day. It is one of the Library of Humorous American Works, with Illustrations by Darley.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER AND RECORD OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The April number of this periodical is before us. One of its most interesting papers is a "Discussion on Anæsthesia," at an extra meeting of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, in which the current of opinion seems to run in favor of their use.

SHADOW LAND; OR, THE SEER. By MRS. E. OAKES SMITH, author of the "Sinless Child," "Lost Angel," "Woman and her Needs," &c., &c. New York: Fowler & Wells. For sale by Stokes & Brother, Phila.

A beautiful contribution to the literature of the supernatural. The book touches upon personal experiences of shadow land, dreams, omens, presentiments, and other phenomena of the spiritual world, all treated of in a modest, reverent tone, yet with an assured air of familiarity with the subject. Here is an idea calculated to startle the victims of

NIGHTMARE.

Of those who eat and drink grossly, and then unblushingly tell of the disordered shapes that visit them in slumber, I can say nothing. If incubi come from over-wrought nerves, and over-taxed sensibilities, it is an evil incident to the material, and may indicate that it will soon be dissolved; but if they come from the persisted-in enormities of the table, or any other abuses of life, depend upon it, they are real shapes with which the dwarfed, impoverished, and degraded spirit will hereafter hold companionship, and who come now to hold boon revelry before ye are freed from the world. How a human being can eat or drink twice an article that has played mischief with him, seems so puerile as to be incredible, did we not know it to be a fact. Sleep should be

> "Light and airy from pure digestion bred,
> And temperate vapors bland,"

and the dreams of such are joyful and airy as the workings of the "dainty Ariel."

This is a pretty little story:

THE CHILD AND THE VISION.

[illegible] regretted the meagreness of my own [illegible] I once had a pretty incident [illegible] through a child. He [illegible] of the unusual kind [illegible] was a healthful, lively and intelligent [illegible] three years old. One bright Sabbath evening, twilight he had been singing in my arms, and then sat awhile perfectly quiet; suddenly he turned around and whispered in my ear:

"Who is that leaning over the rocking-chair?"

"Who does it look like?" I replied, without the least appearance of surprise—for the chair was empty, and stood quite near us.

"He looks so pleasant," was the reply, in his imperfect utterance.

"Will you [illegible] and shake hands?" I asked. He disengaged himself from my arms, crossed over to the [illegible] and looking confidingly upwards, *grasped the air*, and [illegible] so two or three times [illegible] his countenance change, and then he whispered, "*I cant feel him!*" sighed heavily, and returned to my arms.

The child more than once spoke of seeing objects in this way—was perfectly healthful, playful and noisy as other children. I never showed either surprise or curiosity in the matter, never repeated the story in his presence, scarcely ever have talked about it in any way, so there was nothing to pique the marvellous in the child, and nothing to tempt to falsehood, by making him the hero of a story. The presence must have been real to him, not caused by disease or excitement. I turned his attention at once to other subjects, without making any comment.

At another time he crawled from his little crib, and waked me, saying,

"The pessant (pleasant) man has tome adain," pointing to the back of his cradle.—There was no object that could possibly deceive the fancy of the child.

"Well, go to sleep, my dear," I said. He laid down tranquilly, and presently called out, "He is done, dear——" and soon was fast asleep again. There was nothing extraordinary in the habit of the child—he was affectionate, exceedingly truthful, and knew nothing of fear, never had known, and was of that joyous, happy temperament which many would suppose unallied to anything of the kind.

LYRA AND OTHER POEMS. By ALICE CAREY, author of "Clovernook, or Recollections of Our Neighborhood in the West," &c. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

These poems will be sure to please a large class of refined readers, by their delicate fancy, luxuriant and beautiful imagery, and melodious flow of words—the well-known characteristics of Alice Carey's writings. The pieces in the present volume that please us best, the prettiest specimens of her happiest vein, are "Jessie Carol," "Death Song," "The Reclaiming of the Angel," "October," "Out by the Waters," and "Live and Help Live," which last breathes an unusually healthful philosophy of life.

But while we enjoy as much as any one the thousand sweet fancies, the graceful versification, the dainty word-music, in which Miss Carey excels, we must take this opportunity to dissent from some of the extravagant encomiums that have been lavished upon her writings.

Says the International Magazine: "If we look at the entire catalogue of female writers of prose fiction in this country, we shall find none who approaches Alice Carey in the best characteristics of genius." This, in the face of such names as Miss Sedgewick and Mrs. Stowe, rich and ripened minds—such names as Mrs. Southworth, Grace Greenwood and Fanny Forrester, [illegible] superior in ability, besides a number of others, whose claims are at least equal in the face of this bright array to give the palm to Alice Carey, is simply absurd. Her light sketches, attractive from their truth and nature, and her pretty poems, shadowy and spiritual and graceful, will be sure of that appreciation which follows true genius as the shadow the substance, but no real friend of the poetess would place them so high that they must inevitably be pulled down.

Says "The Illustrated News:" "The opinion now appears to be commonly entertained, that Alice Carey is decidedly the first of our female authors; an opinion which Fitz-Green Halleck, J. G. Whittier, Wm. D. Gallagher, Bayard Taylor, with many others, have on various occasions endorsed." We would not so insult the critical taste and judgment of the above gentlemen, as to suppose that they would endorse any such thing. It is doubtless an extreme inference unwisely drawn from their honest praises.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO HOMŒOPATHY AND HYDROPATHY. Containing also popular articles on Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, and Dietetics. Editors, J. H. PULTE, M. D., and H. P. GATCHELL, M. D. Cincinnati: Published by J. M. Parks, M. D.

We are glad to see a periodical of this kind established in the West, where it is, we fear, too much the practice to overdose with drugs. The April No. is before us. It appears to be edited with ability.

THE HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND EMPIRE UNDER NAPOLEON. By M. A. THIERS, late Prime Minister of France, author of "The History of the French Revolution," translated from the French by D. FORBES CAMPBELL. With Notes and Additions by HENRY W. HERBERT. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

Part eleventh of this interesting work is on our table. It is published at a very low price, 12½ cents a number—though it has the usual fault of cheap editions, small type.

THE ABBEY OF INNISMOYLE. A Story of Another Century. By GRACE KENNEDY, author of "Dunallan," "Father Clement," &c. Phila.: T. B. Peterson.

The writings of Grace Kennedy have a wide and well-deserved popularity among those who agree with her in religious sentiment. The interest of the story before us consists in the conversion of a young lady from the Catholic to the Protestant faith.

THE CONDITION, ELEVATION, EMIGRATION, AND DESTINY OF THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, Politically Considered. By MARTIN ROBISON DELANY. Phila.: Published by the author.

This book displays more wisdom, comprehensiveness of thought, and general ability than would be expected, when we consider the deficient opportunities of the class to which the author belongs.

JACK HINTON THE GUARDSMAN. By CHARLES LEVER, author of Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," "Tom Burke," &c., &c., &c. Complete in One Volume. Phila. T. B. Peterson.

One of the humorous and spirited novels that have made the name of Charles Lever so popular. A good quantity of entertaining reading for 50 cents.

FALKENBURG. A Tale of the Rhine. By the author of "Mildred Vernon," "Germania," &c.—New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Quite above the common run of novels in the requisites for a readable fiction—a good plot skilfully [illegible] characters truthfully and clearly drawn.

☞ A new plan for preventing railroad accidents has been proposed. All trains are to have an inclined plane in front and rear, with rails laid upon them and over the tops of the cars. When a fast train overtakes a slow one, it passes *over* the top of the slow one, thus preventing the fatal collisions now so frequent.

☞ A man recently ran ten miles in nine minutes less than an hour. It occurred near London, and twenty-five thousand persons, it is stated, thought it worth while to go and see him do it.

☞ Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

☞ MAPLE SUGAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Keene Sentinel says—"A citizen from 'old Stoddard' informs us that sugar making is somewhat retarded by the deep snow. He says the folks there are just tapping their trees *in the limbs*, the butts are not in sight yet!"

☞ A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water. Then with a gilding brush do over your glasses and frames, and the flies will not light on the articles washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

Our Correspondents

THE PROPHETIC CHARACTER OF JOSEPH SMITH.

BY AN ELDER OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

GENTLEMEN:—I recently sent you, at your instance, an article in relation to our views of the Book of Mormon, for publication. If that article is published, read, and believed, with the circumstances connected with the origin and discovery of the Book, as well as its recent appearance amongst us in these Latter Days, I anticipate but little difficulty in convincing the candid, honest hearted reader, that Joseph Smith, Jr., was the humble instrument whom the Lord, in His own time and in much wisdom, selected from amongst the children of men, to whom should be entrusted the important business of translating the characters on those Plates which were put into his hands, receiving the High Priesthood, and reorganizing his Church on the earth. Nearly all are ready to admit that at the time these plates were discovered, translated, and published, the sectarian churches existing in the world, formed a perfect Babylon (or confusion) so that an honest inquirer for truth scarcely knew where to go or what to do. If he heard a Universalist, he taught that if Christ came to save sinners, ALL such would inevitably be saved. An old fashioned Calvinist would teach that none but the ELECT could possibly be saved, and that the number was so DEFINITE [illegible] FIXED, that it could neither be INCREASED [illegible] An Arminian would teach [illegible] NOT DIMINISHED [illegible] they only believe, that ALL may be saved [illegible] would Some of the branches of the Baptist [illegible] teach that NONE can be saved unless they are put under the WATER. A Friend (Quaker) would teach the very reverse, viz.: that water baptism is by no means necessary, &c., &c. These are only a few of the many instances of the contradictory and jarring tenets, held and taught by sectarians, and all claiming to draw their doctrines and practices from the same volume of Holy Writ, and most, if not all of them, denouncing the Roman Catholic Church as the Mother of Harlots. Well, if the Catholic Church is the Mother of Harlots, I would ask the question, Who are the Harlots? Answer, the Protestant Churches which have descended from her, viz.: her daughters of course must be the harlots.

Well, sir; just at that time of universal Babylon or confusion all over the earth, not a Church in all the land organized on the plan which the Lord Jesus laid down in the days of the Apostles, or having the same officers He appointed, nor the same gifts and powers which He originally gave and promised; (true, they had a form of godliness, but denied the power;) just, I say, at that time, the Lord raised up Joseph Smith, Jr., an obscure individual (much as He did His ancient prophets and Apostles,) from among the lower or common people, (not from a College or Theological Seminary,) and endowed him with wisdom, (surpassing any thing known amongst men in his day or generation), and power from on High, enabling him to translate the characters which were inscribed on those Plates by means of the Urim and Thummim, which had been used anciently by the priests and seers, but had been lost for ages, until delivered to this obscure individual, Joseph Smith, Jr., together with the Plates.

Now, sir, we, as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, are organized on the same plan as the Primitive Church, have the same officers, gifts and powers mentioned, 1st Corinthians, 12th and 28th. And we hold and teach the same doctrines they taught, and administer the same ordinances they administered, and for the same purpose: which, we believe, no other Church in all the land can say in truth. And strange as it may seem, we have precisely the same Holy Bible they have, viz.: "The old fashioned Bible that lay on the stand." It is true we construe some passages differently from most other churches; such as Mark, 16th Chapter, and 17th and 18th verses. When the Saviour said "these signs shall follow them that BELIEVE," &c., we think He did not mean that the Apostles alone should see those signs following or accompanying them, but such also as believed and obeyed the Gospel which they preached. Again, in the General Epistle of James, 5th Chapter, 14th and 15th verses, we are told to call for the Elders of the Church to anoint and pray for the sick, &c. Where is the Church that does that now? None, unless it be the Roman Catholic—they anoint with extreme unction (only, however,) those who are thought to be about to die, so that they are for a different purpose. But, besides the Bible, we have the Book of Mormon, which we believe to be true also, and it teaches many of the same things which are taught in the Holy Bible.—This Book, other Churches refuse to read or believe. They say if only there were nothing marvellous connected with the manner of its discovery, &c., or if only the Lord had chosen Luther, Calvin or Wesley, or even John Winebrenner, to be the one to bring about this great work, we might receive it, but for Jo. Smith to profess to receive a vision of an angel, &c., is too ridiculous: if, when he was digging for money, he had *accidentally* found it, (as Mr. Joseph Merrick, of Pittsfield, Mass., found four pieces of parchment, on which was written, with a pen, Hebrew, plain and legible,) we then might have received it as a very great curiosity, and it would have been hailed as a very important history of the aborigines of this country, but we don't believe that the Lord ever chose Jo. Smith as a prophet, &c., &c. God, in ancient times, sent angels to this earth to transact business for Him. Several times He sent to Jacob, to Lot and others, recorded in the Old Testament, as well as many instances in the New Testament, and we are informed, Heb. 1st and 14th, that they are all ministering spirits, &c. Why should any one object to it, if the Lord saw fit to send one to Joseph Smith, Jr., and commission him to do this great and marvellous work, and reorganize his Church and kingdom on this earth, and prepare the people for His second coming, viz.: the ushering in of the Millenium?

Of all the evidences which might be cited of his having been a prophet, I will mention only the manner of his death. He was "slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which he held"—Revelations 6th and 9th. Many others might be given. Yes, he was slain or shot on the 27th of June, 1844, because he would not recant or acknowledge that the Book of Mormon was a fraud, and that he was an impostor, and Mormonism a humbug. If he had been base enough to do this, he and his brother Hyram might have lived longer on the earth.—But notwithstanding all the slanders which have been uttered against us from the first, Mormonism is steadily increasing and gaining ground, deepening and widening in its course, in spite of all the opposition raised by the combined powers of darkness and the sectarian world. Freely we can say, they hate us without a cause; and we can say in the spirit of Christian meekness and forbearance, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light. The light that is in them is only darkness, it only acts as a dark cloud covering their minds with the prejudice of education, preventing them from seeing the true light that now shineth.

When the true doctrines of our Church are clearly set forth, they (the people) are willing to embrace them as the true principles of the everlasting Gospel, until they find that they have been subscribing to Mormonism, when they immediately cry out, "Delusion! Delusion!! Delusion!!!"

I recently overheard a member of the M. E. Church, with whom I had been in conversation, tell his wife "that's a confounded smart, intelligent man; I never saw a man that had such a clear, distinct, and correct view of the nature of Regeneration and the New Birth. Why, he makes a distinction between them, and nothing can be plainer than he makes it appear; and yet, I never heard *one* of our preachers make any distinction whatever between Regeneration and the New Birth in all my life." I did not tell him that it was Mormonism, or he would not have received it at my hands.

An Elder of the Presbyterian Church lately admitted very freely that there was a distinction which he had never heard of before. I then asked: What then becomes of your infant baptism? He said no more.

Northumberland Co., Pa., April 19th, 1852.

☞ The difficulty, in England, between the machinists and their employers is ended, the employees having been obliged to cave in.

☞ The London Times, with a daily circulation of over forty thousand copies, and two or three double-sheet "supplements" each week, and a tri-weekly evening edition (called The Evening Mail,) of five thousand copies, only renews its type once in two years; and even then the face is in tolerably good condition, suitable for some provincial paper.

☞ Rev. Mr. Law, the poor parson, who not long since ran away with the daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry, has had more luck than might have been expected. He has received not only the paternal pardon, but a living of £600 a year, to commence housekeeping with, and the chance of one day becoming perhaps a bishop.

General News.

KOSSUTH AT NEWARK.

The following passage from Kossuth's recent speech, at Newark, N. J., is excellent:

One word often tells more than a volume of skillful eloquence. When crossing the Allegheny Mountains, in a new country, scarcely yet settled, bearing at every step the mark of a new creation, I happened to see a new house in ruins. I felt astonished to see a ruin in America. There must have been misfortune in that house—the hand of God may have stricken him, thought I, and inquired from one of the neighbors, "What has become of the man?" "Nothing particular," answered he, "he went to the West—he was too comfortable here.—American pioneers like to be uncomfortable." It was but one word, yet worth a volume. It made me more correctly understand the character of your people, and the mystery of your hidden prodigious growth, than a big volume of treatises upon the spirit of America might have done. The instinct of indomitable energy, all the boundless power hidden in the word "*go ahead*," lay open before my eyes—and bowing with deep reverence before that energy, I felt by a glance what immense things might be accomplished by that energy, to the honor and lasting welfare of all humanity, if only its directions be not misled—and I pray to God that He may preserve your people from being all absorbingly given to the direction of materialism. Rome having conquered Asia, then the richest country in the world, a triumph was accorded to the victorious leader, Lucullus, I believe, who, as the custom was, expounding his deeds in the Capitol, proudly indulged in the explanation of what immense treasures he has captured and brought home. Old Cato rose with all the severity of his grave character, and solemnly said, "I greatly fear those treasures will rather capture ourselves than we them." And curious, indeed, Rome was declining from that very day that those treasures were brought home to Rome. Lucullus is gone, the treasures are gone, Rome "self is gone; and what is all, which of Lucullus [illegible] the memory of his fastidious dinners (benu[illegible]) came down [illegible] to us out of his triumphs over Asia? the cherry tree [illegible] which he was the first to bring then over with him to Rome. A lesson of deep meaning, gentlemen. The treasures perished, and Rome together with him —but the kernel of the cherry's fruit, which he brought, is blooming every spring; multiplied to millions, and its fruits, a fair gift of Heaven, gladden the hearts of millions of men. The proud results of egotism vanish in the following generation like the fancy of a dream; but the smallest real benefit bestowed upon mankind is lasting like eternity. People of America! thy energy is wonderful; but for thy sake, for thy future sake, for all humanity's sake, beware! Oh! beware from becoming too material.

The following is a little sarcastic—there is a kindly tone, however, in it. There are a great many "Colonels," of the description alluded to:—

By-the-bye, is it not, among Republicans, a privilege to be frank? Well, I claim that privilege. I never did understand why Americans like so much titles. [Prolonged applause.] But I mean no offence, gentlemen. I cannot flatter, gentlemen. Now, as to titles. I consider I was elected, and I claim my title because power can only be derived from the people, and to them I resign. I derived no power from the Emperor of Russia, but I hope some day to make his title dangerous to him. But when those who gave the power have taken it away, I cannot understand why the title remains without any power. In other times we had hereditary nobility in Hungary. It was not my fortune to be one of them—my fortune not to be, for I have been able to do something for my country. But these noblemen were to be found in all the high places of the nation, however always with additional title. It was the Hon. Count, or Hon. Prince. It was understood that no duties were connected with their office. It was here in the United States—I will not say where—I met a very kind gentleman, whose name I shall always remember, who when I came to the city called on me as Colonel, and said he would as such be my aid during my stay. He was very kind to me, and we were on so good terms that when I was about to leave the city I shook him warmly by the hand, and said, you will not regard it as disagreeable to you when I tell you that as soon as the first shot is fired in Hungary, I will send for you as my aid—[cheers and laughter.]—Well, he said, "No, sir, I am not fond of guns and gunpowder." [Cheers.] I assure you he was a kind gentleman and an honest man, and he told me his title had no meaning. [Cheers.] In Hungary times have been too dreadful for such titles to mean not anything; these are not as yours, in so happy circumstances, but I am sure in an hour of danger these titles would not among you be empty.

PREMATURE BURIAL.—The Albany Register, in the course of an article on this subject, relates the following instance, of which the editor was perfectly cognizant:—

Some years ago, we were perfectly cognizant to an occurrence of this kind which was of the most heart-rending character. The wife of a gentleman was taken suddenly ill in church, and was carried to her home in a state of syncope. In a few hours she partially recovered, but immediately relapsed, and never again showed any signs of consciousness. She lay in this condition nearly two days, baffling the skill of the physicians, and then, as it was thought, and as there was *almost* every reason to believe, died. No signs of breathing could be detected, the limbs became rigid and cold, and the eyes remained open with the fixed and glassy stare of death; *but there was no change in the color of the skin.* Dissolution had not taken place. The poor bereaved husband, almost frantic at the loss of the young and beautiful wife whom he almost idolized, clung with desperation to the hope limned in her face, and long resisted the unanimous decision of the physicians, that she was certainly dead. They told him, what is doubtless true, that it sometimes, though very rarely, happens, that there is no discoloration for days and even weeks after dissolution has taken place. But still he resisted, and it was not until three days had passed without the faintest signal of change or sign of life, that he finally gave up and suffered the burial to take place. She was entombed in a vault. Months passed. A cemetery having been laid out, the husband [illegible]

[illegible]

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.—This morning, says the Baltimore Argus, Mrs. Harley, an ardent *florist* residing in East Baltimore Street, purchased at the Centre Market an Orange tree—which although of small dimensions, contained on its branches several full-grown specimens, of the fruit matured to luscious ripeness. Delighted with her prize, the lady hurried home, where it formed a theme of admiration until a little inquisitive Miss gave a slight pull at one of the Oranges, when it left the stem and rolled at the feet of the fair purchaser. An examination was thereupon instituted, which resulted in the discovery that each and every Orange was of foreign growth, and had been temporarily grafted on the branches of the tree by means of waxed prongs! The victimized purchaser, with steps of haste and indignation, returned to the market just in time to ascertain that the vender had disposed of a Lemon tree—the remainder of his stock, and sloped away to parts unknown.

NEW MANUFACTURE.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, at Conshohocken, on the Schuylkill, after referring to the prosperity of that newly incorporated town, says "that a company of very enterprising individuals has organized here for the purpose of making a kind of glass-ware from the refuse or cinders of the 'Merion Blast Furnace.' Their intention is to manufacture coffins, table tops, mantels, door knobs, flagging, as well as kitchen and other utensils. Thus, while the manufactured articles must displace much that is now in use, the worthless cinders suddenly become a substance of value."

THE STEAMBOAT.—At a recent session of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Arago announced that M. Kuhlmann, in Marburg, has discovered a hitherto unpublished correspondence between Denis Papin and Leibnitz, from which it appears that in the year 1707, Papin, who then lived at Hanau, and who, since 1695, had perceived the possibility of applying steam to the propulsion of vessels, was not contented with the idea only, but had made successful experiments with a little boat, upon the Fulda, which was afterwards altered according to the system ascribed to the English mechanic, Mandslay.

DEATH OF JUDGE COULTER.—Intelligence has been received of the decease of Judge Coulter, at Northumberland, on Monday week, while on a visit to his family. His death is attributed to [illegible] of the heart. Judge Coulter was one of the successful candidates for a seat in the Supreme Bench of the Commonwealth, at the election held last year, and by lot drawn subsequently, became entitled to the longest term of fifteen years.

GUN COTTON.—Experiments continue to be made in the fortifications at Mentz, to render gun cotton serviceable for war purposes, as well as for blasting operations. An Austrian artillery officer, Baron Link, is said to have arrived at the most important results, inasmuch as the range to be procured with it, prepared after his system, is much greater than with powder, with a greater certainty of the shot, and less danger of explosion during manipulation.

RAISING POULTRY.—One person, in Burlington County, New Jersey, from the 1st of November last to the 1st of April, collected two hundred and eleven thousand one hundred and eighty-one pounds, costing twenty-three thousand two hundred and thirty dollars; and the whole amount was sent to New York market. The whole of this poultry was collected within an extent of twelve miles square.

POOR WAGES.—The Newburyport Herald says that the wages of all shoemakers in the large manufactories in that region, have been reduced about 30 per cent. on all but first class work. The same paper states that there are a great many journeymen shoemakers, now employed on ordinary work 12 or 15 hours a day, who earn *less than fifty cents a day.*

☞ The friends and opponents of Bishop Doane, at Trinity Church, Newark, at the recent election, had, each side, a ticket for Delegates to the next Convention at New Jersey. The friends of the Bishop prevailed.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR YOUNG.—Ex-Governor Young, the Assistant United States Treasurer of the Port of New York, died on the 23rd, of consumption.

Clippings.

☞ To do justice to a man's merits, he should be either dead or unknown to you. We can never discover any genius in our friends. Men are like hills; the nearer you approach them, the less lofty and steep they appear to be. Probably no one was more surprised to hear that George Washington was elected President, than the dirty boy in broken corduroys, who used to shoot marbles with him.—*Albany Dutchman.*

☞ Shakefolt once made the passage round Point Judith, on a rough and stormy night, and has ever since believed that to be *the* point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue.—*Carpet Bag.*

☞ Mr. Stephenson, the eminent English Engineer, states that evidence enough exists to show that, at a period, by no means remote, Africa must have been an island, and the Mediterranean and Red Sea united.

☞ One of the blindest worshippers of the goddess Fashion we have heard of lately, is a lady noted for her high aristocratic pretensions. At a fashionable gathering, the other evening, some one remarked in her presence that the small pox was very prevalent, and mentioned the name of some fashionable gentleman who had taken it. "Is it possible?" said she. "I cannot believe it. I had no idea that the small pox was in SOCIETY!"

☞ The Boston Times thinks that the most difficult passage in the Scriptures to understand, is the passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea. So thought Pharaoh and his mighty host.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, April 24, 1852.

REMARKS.—Business has been very quiet during the past week, partly owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, which for several days suspended wharf operations. The Africa's advices, received on Saturday, were unfavorable for Cotton, but they have had no effect upon our market, as the stock here is quite small. Breadstuffs of all descriptions have been in limited request, without change in prices, except for Corn Meal, which is a trifle lower. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses have been in fair demand at full rates, and the stocks are materially reduced. Provisions continue to come in slowly, and prices are advancing. The supply of Money continues unabated. Good paper is in demand at six per cent., and in some instances negotiations have been effected at a lower rate. The Asia's advices are considered favorable. The bullion and specie in the Bank of England on the 3rd of April, were 19,696,501 pounds, showing a decrease of 219,244 pounds when compared with the return of the week preceding. An import of $150,000 in specie from Liverpool, and the immense receipts of gold, not only from California but Australia, are beginning to excite marked attention. Exchange on England is lower. We quote at 108½a109½.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been rather more active during the past week, the demand for shipment at the close having increased, and the inquiry for city consumption being moderate. Sales of 9,000 bbls for export at $4 per barrel for fair and good brands; $4,06¼a4,12½ for Brandywine and better brands, and $4,50a4,62½ for extra. Sales in lots to the trade at $4 up to 4,75 for common and extra brands, and fancy lots at higher quotations. Rye Flour has been but little inquired after; small sales at $3,25. Corn Meal is dull and prices 12½c per bbl lower. Sales of 2,000 bbls at $3,06¼a3 for Pennsylvania, including some on private terms, and $3,25 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat during the past week have been quite moderate. There has been a fair demand and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 32,000 bushels fair and prime Pennsylvania white at 91a95c, and red at 90c per bushel, but principally at 95c. Rye has been in steady demand at 72a73c. Corn has been in fair request, but the supplies have been small. Sales of 12,000 bushels yellow, mostly Southern, at 64c, afloat, and white at 63c. Oats are in good demand, and 10,000 bushels Pennsylvania sold at 42a43c, and Southern at 41a45c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork has advanced to $19,50a20 per bbl for Mess, with small sales at the former rates. City packed Mess Beef is held at $15,50a16. Bacon is in good demand, and prices tend upward. Sales of Hams at 11a12½; Sides 11, and Shoulders at 9½a9½c. Small sales of Lard in bbls at 10a10½c per lb, now held at 10½c, and kegs at 10½a11 cts, on time. Butter continues very scarce, and prices rule high. Prices of Cheese are unchanged.

BARK.—Is held firmly at $30,25 per ton for No. 1 Quercitron, at which further sales have been made.

BEESWAX.—Continues scarce, and the only sales reported are small lots of good yellow at 26 cts per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—Are in limited request. Small sales of Sperm, at 42a43c; Adamantine 25a26, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL.—Is in fair demand for the supply of Eastern markets at steady prices, and supplies are beginning to come forward freely from both the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines.

COFFEE.—The stock is materially reduced, and prices are ½c per lb higher; sales of 4,500 bags Laguayra and Rio at 9½a10c per lb, on time.

COPPER.—Is held firmly at 17a17½c per lb for Yellow Metal, and 24c, 6 mos, for Sheathing Copper.

COTTON.—The late advices from Europe have had no effect upon the market; there has been a moderate demand, and prices are steadily maintained; sales of 620 bales at 8½a9½c per lb, on time, for Upland and N. Orleans.

The receipts at all the ports, as compared with sales of last season, giving the following results:

Increase—New Orleans	348,631—	
Charleston	58,309	
Texas	8,479	
Mobile	85,085	
Savannah	37,929	
Florida	15,594	
North Carolina	290—555,001	
Decrease—Virginia		1,310
Total increase this season		553,691

Comparative statement of the imports, stock and consumption of Cotton at Liverpool, from January 1st to March 26th, 1852, and same time in 1851:

	1852.	1851.		
IMPORTS.	Bales.	Bales.	Bales.	
American	336,078	300,313	35,365	inc.
Other kinds	49,984	32,428	33,544	inc.
Total	385,562	332,741	2,821	inc.
CONSUMPTION.				
American	362,140	222,350	129,790	inc.
Other kinds	94,810	80,840	13,970	inc.
Total	456,950	303,190	153,760	inc.
ESTIMATED STOCK.				
American	179,080	232,400	153,320	dec.
Other kinds	129,510	186,340	56,830	dec.
Total	308,590	518,740	210,150	dec.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been but little business doing, and no material change to notice in prices.

FEATHERS.—But few coming in. Small sales of good and prime Western at 30a40c per lb.

FISH.—There is a good demand for Mackerel from store, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of No 1 at $10; No 2 $9; large No 3 $6,25a6,50, and small at $5a5,25 per bbl. Codfish are very scarce.

FRUIT.—There has been nothing doing in foreign; small sales of Dried Peaches at $2,50a2,62½ per bushel for unpared Western halves, and Dried Apples at 5c per lb.

GINSENG.—Is scarce; we quote Crude at 44a45c per lb, cash.

GUANO.—Is in fair demand; without change in prices.

HEMP.—There have been no sales reported for a month, and prices are unchanged.

HIDES.—An import of Laguayra has arrived, which was disposed of on terms kept private.

HOPS.—Continue dull, and the sales are only in retail lots at 29a30c per lb for first sort.

INDIGO.—Prices are firm. A sale of Bengal at $1,20 per lb, 6 mos.

[illegible]

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

After the novelet now in process of publication,

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,

we shall commence Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—called

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare for the present.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the English PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from nameless, namby-pamby writers with sentimental names, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a suicidal course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 19th, Mr. Shields presented petitions from Illinois, praying that the Wheeling Bridge may be legalized.

Mr. Hunter presented the joint resolutions of the Virginia Legislature, in favor of the appropriation by Congress of Scrip to satisfy outstanding revolutionary bounty-land warrants.

Mr. Shields reported a bill to amend the Charter of Washington City, by removing certain restrictions on the right of suffrage.

Mr. Gwinn introduced a bill providing for a Monthly Mail from San Francisco, via the Sandwich Islands, to Shanghai, China.

Mr. Badger introduced a bill preventing the public execution of criminals in the District of Columbia; and the bill was considered and ordered to be engrossed for a further reading.

The French Spoliation Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Rush and Mr. Jones, of Iowa, who were opposed to the bill, said they had paired off with Mr. Soule and Mr. Pratt.

The question was then taken, and the bill passed.—Yeas 26, nays 18, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Badger, Berrien, Borland, Bradbury, Clarke, Cooper, Davis, Dawson, Downs, Fish, Geyer, Hale, Hamlin, James, Mangum, Miller, Pearce, Sebastian, Seward, Shields, Smith, Spruance, Sumner, Underwood, Upham, Wade.

[illegible]

Mr. Mangum said—A newspaper was placed in my hands yesterday—a paper that I am not accustomed to read—in which I find a violent, unjustifiable, and a most atrociously injurious personal assault is made upon me. It is the New York Express. I do not notice these communications when they proceed from the usual sources; but when there is internal evidence that they proceed from a high official quarter, I may feel myself called on, as I do now, to stigmatize their falsehood and denounce their baseness, as they deserve, and to fix the burning brand upon the mendacious and sycophantic calumniator. In this letter to the New York Express, I am charged with a coalition with a Senator from New York, formed at supper parties and dinner parties, the rewards of which coalition are to bring high offices to the high contracting parties. These allegations he pronounced to be, in the aggregate and in detail—and he did it under every responsibility, moral and otherwise, that a gentleman can assume—utterly false. The insidious and skulking editorial, designed to screen the malignant miscreant, speaks of an occasional correspondent who has been in Washington but a part of the Winter, &c.—The skulking hypocrite! the base, cut-throat calumniator! A half-way mendicant of an editor, who fishes up his dirty and dependent bread from the filthy pools of slander and calumny, may in some sort be an object of pity, for his "poverty, and not his will, consents." But when some freak of fortune shall have thrown such an editor into a high official position, and he shall affect the loftiest airs of a brilliant court, and majestically roll in his splendid coach through the broad avenues of the Capitol, his official position serving as a passport to refined and virtuous, to the highest and most polished circles of society, it is always to be deplored to find him devoid of the principles, sentiments and feelings of a gentleman. And when this passport enables him to find his way to private supper or dinner parties—and we find him prowling about for the means of picking up calumnies and slanders, or facts, as the case may be, in the way of his vocation, to minister to the rabid appetite of the readers of his press, or Express, and thus abusing the hospitalities in which he unworthily participates—he is a fit subject to be kicked out of every decent circle, and banished the society of honorable men.

Mr. Mangum said that he had met the Senator from New York but once, this session, on a social occasion, where all parties met, Southern-Rights, Whigs and Democrats, and where an elegant and refined hospitality excluded every debatable and party matter. Sir, I turn from this subject, as I do from its author, with loathing, contempt, and scorn. The identity of language and of sentiment, and other circumstances, plainly enough indicate the author. I have little doubt he is one of the editors of the Express. And I here pronounce, under all the responsibilities that can appertain to me, that he is a mendacious calumniator, devoid of all the essential principles, instincts and feelings of a gentleman of honor. That editor of the Express I take to be now a member of the House of Representatives.

The Chair—The Chair cannot permit such language. It is altogether out of order.

Mr. Mangum—I am aware, sir, that it is out of order, and I am done.

Mr. Brodhead offered a resolution, inquiring into the expediency of increasing the salary of the District Judge of Western Pennsylvania. Agreed to.

The Apportionment Bill, fixing the number of the representatives of California and South Carolina, was taken up.

The question pending was on the amendment giving Louisiana a representative for her fraction of population. This amendment was rejected.

Mr. Bradbury then offered a substitute for the whole bill, fixing the apportionment as at present provided for, giving South Carolina the member for her fraction, and adding a member to the whole number, making it 234, the additional member being allowed to California. This was agreed to, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed.

The Deficiency Bill was then resumed, and the question pending was on the amendment granting further aid to the Collins Line.

Mr. Miller said he was one of the majority on the Finance Committee who had reported this amendment, and then stated the existing agreement, made with the Collins Line, for carrying the mails in their steamers. Everything the line agreed to perform had been done. They had accomplished the transmission of the mails across the Atlantic in a shorter time than ever before known. They had placed at the disposal of the Government four of the most splendid steamers afloat, surpassing all others in speed, elegance, power, and tonnage, and they have competed with and shown themselves superior to the Cunard Line. To do all this, the Collins Line had to go to enormous expense. On every trip made last year, the line cost $16,000. He read letters of the Postmaster-General, and of the Secretary of the Navy, authorizing and directing an increase of the number of the trips, from 20 to 26 per annum. An allowance of $33,000 per trip, would make an aggregate allowance to the line, for the 26 trips, of $858,000 per year. He read an estimate of the cost and current expenses of the steamers, of the average cost and receipts per trip, and showed that the average loss sustained on each trip was $16,028, making an annual loss of nearly $400,000. The allowance provided by this amendment would still leave a loss to the Company of $3,000 or $4,000 per trip. Being a new enterprise here, it augmented the cost. The very tools, implements, and machinery necessary for the construction of the machinery of the steamers had to be obtained, nothing of this kind having been constructed here before. Experiments and tests cost a large sum. It was true, that, by their contract, this line was not required to build such ships as had been built; but the owners felt, as all Americans felt, that it was to be not only a question of gain to them personally, but they felt a desire to produce something superior to what Great Britain had afloat. It is not a struggle between Mr. Collins and Mr. Cunard, but between Mr. Collins and the British Government, and from the moment the Collins Line was started, the British Government has done all it could to break it down. Some of the first trips of the Collins Line failed, and all through England reports were sent abroad that the Collins steamers were unsafe; and then passengers refused to travel in them—loss was sustained. He then read tables, showing the vast superiority of the Collins Line for tonnage, horse-power, capacity of power, &c., over the Cunard Line. Also, tables, of the time of trips by the two lines, showing the superior speed of the Collins Line. What Mr. Collins had lost, the country had gained. This was no monopoly of Mr. Collins. It broke down the British monopoly; and if we now let it fall, we will build up again the same monopoly in the hands of foreigners. Another object was, that it was affording protection to Americans against British enterprise. He

[illegible]

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MR. BUCHANAN.—The following paragraph occurs in the Address of the Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania, to their brethren of other States:—

"If the National Convention shall decide against our candidate, we cannot promise that our people will bear the decision without bitter mortification; for their State pride is thoroughly aroused. If the man they now offer is set aside, they have no hope of succeeding at another time. If Pennsylvania must wait until she presents a more unexceptionable man than Mr. Buchanan, she must wait forever."

MICHIGAN.—The *Detroit Tribune* states that the Delegation to the Whig National Convention from Michigan are strong Scott men. The Whig members of the last Legislature unanimously recommended Gen. Scott as the choice of the State.

THE UTAH JUDGES.—It is said that President Fillmore has ordered the Utah Judges to return to that territory, forthwith.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Governor recently vetoed a whole batch of Bank Bills—some nine in all. Upon the question coming up again in the House, to see whether two-thirds were for them, they were all rejected by heavy majorities. The Banks vetoed were—The Meadville Bank, of Crawford Co.; Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, of Allentown; Anthracite Bank, of Tamaqua; Carlisle Deposit Bank; Commercial Bank, of Pittsburg; Erie City Bank, at Erie; to increase the capital stock of the Southwark Bank, of Philadelphia; the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, of Phoenixville; the Bank of New Castle, Lawrence Co.

Mr. Hart then moved to make the bill providing for a system of free banking the special order of the day for Saturday, which was disagreed to—yeas 35, nays 47.

BALTIMORE WHIG CONVENTION.—The Scott resolutions were withdrawn by the mover—though it is stated that they would have been carried if pressed to a vote. The question was left to the decision of the people.

WHIG CONGRESSIONAL CAUCUS.—At the adjourned meeting, Mr. H. Marshall of Ky. [illegible]

[illegible]

Local News.

AMERICAN BIBLE UNION.

On the evening of the 22nd, a meeting was held in the Upper Saloon of the Chinese Museum "of the friends of the pure versions of the Holy Scriptures." It was attended by upwards of two hundred persons, who appeared deeply interested in the object for which they had assembled. The Chairman of the Philadelphia Corresponding Committee of the American Bible Union, Mr. Joseph Taylor, called the meeting to order, and announced the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, of Richmond, who read a Psalm. The reading of the Scriptures was followed by a Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Remington, of the Third Baptist Church; after which, Dr. Lillie, of New York, delivered the following Address:—

The design of the American Bible Union is not to make a new translation, nor yet to make a bad translation a good one; but it is to make a good one better. They are sorry to find, "when they would do good, evil is present with them." At the last May meeting of the American Bible Society, Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., of Brooklyn, assailed the Bible Union. He represented the Board as wishing to put the old version out of use, and to substitute another for it; that the old version was nine hundred years in coming to completion, and that it would stand while the hills stand. Mr. Storrs is under a great mistake, in saying that the Board of the Bible Union wish to put the old version out of use. King James' men disclaimed the idea of a new translation, and only professed to remove the errors from the Bishops' Bible. If the explanation was available for them, it is equally so for us. It is one of our rules, as well as theirs, that the old version shall not be altered, except where the original demands it. James restricted his scholars in regard to the old ecclesiastical words, while our Board leave their revisors free. Why should Mr. Storrs say they are making a version, according to their own notions, when the imputation really lies against King James, and those controlled by him; the identity of the old version does not depend upon its errors. A. is the same man, though he mends his faults. Mr. S. exaggerates the age of our version. Instead of being nine hundred years old, it cannot be shown to be near one century. Our translation is essentially *Tindale's*. What Mr. S. says about the cell of Bede, the ashes of Wickliffe, the stake of Cranmer, is the merest romance. Had history been allowed to speak, Mr. Storrs' rhetoric

[illegible]

FIREMEN'S PARADE.—The Triennial Pageant of the Philadelphia Fire Department will take place on Monday next, the 3rd of May. It will probably be a magnificent affair. Some of the Companies have gone to the expense of thousands of dollars. The apparatus, the flags, the banners, the music, the equipments, the [illegible], and all the other features of the display, will, when taken in connection, constitute a most imposing demonstration. The bands of music alone, will embody hundreds of men, while the deputations from neighboring cities will be very large. The firemen of Philadelphia are indefatigable in their efforts during the times of conflagration, and it is but fair that they should have an occasional holiday.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *John T. Dent, Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lott Edwards, C. M. L. Wiseman, and H. J. Thomas.*

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

MARIAS B. ANGELL collects for us in New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., N. York.*
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One square (sixteen lines)	one insertion,	$2.00
" " "	three months,	$15.00
" " "	six months,	$25.00
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Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ALMANAC.

April, 1852.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
1 Saturday,	5 6	6 54	12 16	
2 Sunday,	5 5	6 55	1 4	
3 Monday,	5 4	6 56	1 52	
4 Tuesday,	5 3	6 57	2 40	D. H. M.
5 Wedn'day,	5 2	6 58	3 28	Full 3 5 3
6 Thursday,	5 1	6 59	4 26	Last 18 6 3
7 Friday,	5 0	7 0	5 25	New 18 9 55
8 Saturday,	4 59	7 1	6 22	First 26 10 19

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
April 18	44	45	44
19	43	44	45
20	41	43	44
21	41	47	48
22	52	56	56
23	49	52	54
24	44	52	57

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Gloucester City, N. J. on the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Joe Ashbrook, Mr. WILLIAM HANSON, to Miss ABBY P. HANSON, all of Camden county.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. GEORGE W. FRANCIS, to LYDIA A. KING, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Doctor Boardman, FRED. W. GRAYSON, to MARY M. daughter of the late Andrew M. Prevost.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Thomas F. Billopp, ROBERT C. ROOKES, to ELIZA HAMILTON, daughter of A. A. Ritchie, Esq. of New Castle, Del.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McKean, [illegible]

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,
CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$4 00 TO $16
VESTS,	1 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	1 40 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. jan14-ly

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE
Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness, or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness, or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking, or Flatulency at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits, can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE.

[illegible]

A GREAT WORK.

IMPORTANT TO HEADS OF FAMILIES, TEACHERS, AND ALL OTHERS INTERESTED IN THE INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUNG.
Recently Published,

PETERSON'S FAMILIAR SCIENCE;
Or, The Scientific Explanation of Common Things.

Edited by R. E. PETERSON, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

"No science is more generally interesting than that which explains the common phenomena of life. We see that salt and snow are both white, a rose red, leaves green, and the violet a deep purple; but how few persons ever ask the reason why! We know that a flute produces a musical sound, and a cracked bell a discordant one—that fire is hot, ice cold, and a candle luminous—that water boils when subjected to heat, and freezes from cold; but when a child looks up into our face and asks us 'why'—how many times is it silenced with a frown or called 'very foolish for asking such silly questions'!"

This book, intended for the use of *families* and *schools*, explains about two thousand of these questions [illegible]

MARTIN LUTHER AND ANDREW JACKSON.

BOOKS OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

GREEN'S

CHERRY PECTORAL,

50,000 VOLUMES OF DAMAGED

BORDENTOWN FEMALE INSTITUTE.

$1,000 A-YEAR.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.

NATIONAL SAFETY STEAM ENVELOPE MANUFACTORY,

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

PRIMITIVE AND MODERN COURTSHIP.

BY MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

Primitive.

"Now, Peggy, I love you and love you full well,
A hoosier from hoosier cove,
And if we only can agree,
As I love you, so love me,
We'll make a happy pair."
"There's never enough in that strong arm
Nor love for me make it lame;
Just-Love-Lucy-Smith is my name!"
Came, Peggy, answer 'yes'

"I've not, and nothing shall e'er have,
A new fit-out to buckle,
And should I take you, you'd groom full rough,
This business purse will hold enough,
Whenever may betide;
I have a rig, you know, for Peg,
When'er you ride to mill,
Since I am, like the hoosier to be mine!
Come, Peggy, say you will."

"Wa'l, Reuben, since your love is mine,
And you are strong and bold,
What could a mother better do,
Than give her happy heart to you,
With all its own should?
The spring-a-wheel I've plied with care,
And 'tended for her years,
And all a-while, through homespun cloth,
Adorn the old mother's shears."

"And, Reuben, we must not forget,
While merrily sings the bell,
To God, as he gives, we must give,
The God our honest parents love,
That God is my God!"
And while his blessing seals my vow
It solemnly comes,
Since then act nicer, I will be blam,
And Peggy—you—!"

Modern.

"Exquisite Angelina May,
Perfect queen of style!
Permit my elastic form to kneel
And from those eyes of jet
Coax ray of blessed light.
Oh, say, 'tis not a cannibal bite,
Angel of light, be ours!
And shall we dwell, the twain down,
In Cupid's Love Bower?

"Yet dare thy proud pen look such words,
And call me heartless?
He deems not that a soldier, love,
Descended from a soldier,
Could brave parental rule;
Then grant me, dear Angelina,
The bliss for which I sue,
For were thy worship known to be
To pass, to-day, to-day!

"Oh, Cayenne Augustus Plagueeen Brown,
You vile villain!
For this I brave the daily frown,
And mock the love thou dream'st,
Of my indignant sire;
For this I scorn, I spurn, I hate,
And dare not screw a day,
That ye may have the neighbors cry,
'Poor Angelina May.'"

"Yet all I do is done in vain,
The lady is married quite,
And thus is dread exposure I ed,
And stain my name and my wit,
From early morn till night.
But now I'm all a-gone, my love,
My George Augustus Brown,
Is he a hoosier or a Yank
You take the lobber down."

Olive Branch.

Selected Articles.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND ITS LESSONS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

[We extract the following from an article with the above title, just issued as "Graham's Magazine." It will be remembered that Mr. Greeley was one of the Jurors at the Exhibition.]

But the Crystal Palace has other lessons for us than those of Political Economy—lessons less easily suggestive as well. Here are Hollow Brick, Sectional Brick, Concrete and Iron Houses, each having half the expanse of solid brick for material and transportation; being far more quickly erected—a single day sufficing for the Concrete or Iron—and far more durable; rendering rooms entirely free from dampness, which, in Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Western cities, while pardoning new families for warming their walls for a year, by evaporation and diffusion of this brick alone seem to me worth to mankind the cost of the Exhibition. Here, too, is Gleanwen, with his Rice Harvesters and gruesome, whereby the entire fibre of the stalk is separated from the woody pith of the stalk and reduced as soft, fine, white and tractable as the cleanest cotton, from which it greatly resembles; while, by a little change in the mode of preparing it, it is made closely to imitate Linen, Cotton or Woollen, and to blend finely in the same web with either. Here, too, is Hall's Machine for preparing Hemp hardly by over-estimated. Here, too, is Hi-Clarence Lester, a self-taught mechanic of Ohio, and capable of infinite varieties of practical application. Here is McCormick, with his new-style Reaper, cutting with an ease and smoothness, and almost as rapidity; so that the field of waving grain, under the touch of a master-mower, measures in the morning, has been transformed by it into a field of robust stubble before evening. Here is Wheeler & Wilson, of Watertown, Ct., Gaylor, fascinating to redeem steam to its primary condition of water, and thus immediately condensed before, but as yet some leave quite unaccomplished. Can we not conceive that the great bulk and weight of fuel and water is required to turn a steam-engine with it have rendered it thus far entirely useless for locomotive purposes except on a liquid or metallic track; while the frequent ingress of fuel and the supply of management it demands, and the expense thereof, have rendered it, even on a plain, more than doubt that a blessed day in which mankind shall be able to dispense with it. Is not Mr. Gaylor right, or very nearly so, in his assumption? Mr. Gaylor, whose forte is mechanism, not chemistry, shall scarcely for us that victory, I dare not predict; but that the achievement is to be made, I do not doubt, by the undoubting confidence.

A kindred achievement is about to be inaugurated in the more extended and diversified employment of Gas. A hundred models of Gas Stoves, Gas Furnaces, Gas Cooking Apparatus, &c., were exhibited at the Fair. Each warranted, (as usual,) to consume all the gas, and thus furnish the service of any other; yet I was not able to designate a single one which seemed entirely meritorious, or that did not involve some objectionable feature. Still, I am sure the day-dream must await a generation to say. All coasts put forth and invite the Gas Burner. Why should not the city of the various models and contrivances for Gas-burning, which I have seen, be in the novel fish, that Gas is ultimately to be not only the main, but the cheapest source of the chief heat also of all cities and villages: that the time is at hand when the head of a family, who has occasion to warm his water, or cook his food, will simply touch a bell in his own room and be supplied with the requisite quantity of Gas, whether for culinary purposes, for warmth, for light, or altogether: and that then the only care, the trouble, the risk of baking fires in all parts of a building, carrying fuel thither and removing ashes therefrom, will be dwindled, into a single fire, constantly maintained, subserve admirably the purposes of warmth, of water, of labor and cost of five hundred wasteful kitchfirings and slaughter inside affording heat at the moment it is wanted, and only wanted for consumption the fastest the want is satisfied.

This is but one among a thousand subjects and agencies constantly prescribing the advantages and economies of Co-operation, and indicating the practicability of its adoption. Co-operation has its way whereby Labor is to emerge from bondage, anxiety and want, and to rise to comfort and independence. This truth, long apparent to the eye of Reason, threatens to be made palpable even to stupidity and blindness by the stern logic of Necessity. Rents, rugged Labor must organize itself for their overthrow, or be overthrown. It will soon have nothing to do. It must concentrate its energies in the production of its primary and economical homes, or it will have no home but the Union Work-house. It must save and combine its earnings, or it will have no tools instead of Machinery; no Machinery, owned by and working for itself, and reduce it to Indigenousness, want, and thought.

Or every side the second march of Invention is to economize Labor. Machinery, the Great Reaper of thirty years ago, finds to-day a machine cutting and gathering the grain as it stands; he could, he gets three days' work as he scythes where he formerly had three weeks' steady harvesting: the work is as well done as of old, and far cheaper; but his share of the product is vastly diminished. The Planing Machine does the work of two hundred men admirably, and pays moderate wages to three or four; the Sewing Machine of moderate cost, performs easily and cheaply the labors of forty seamstresses: but all the seamstresses in the world probably do not own the first machine. And so steadily through every industry, machines are more and more a drag in the market, silvery as the approach of Winter, oranges lower and lower at the glance of a machine-bird or hand tool, and vainly peace-street after street, with weary limbs and sinking heart, in quest of "something to do."

The only effectual remedy for this deplorable state and still more deplorable tendency is found not in Destruction but in Construction, not in Anarchy and war on the rights of Property, but in Order and the creation of More property by and for the Poor—not in envy and hatred of the Rich, but in general unity and brotherhood in the forecast and ingenuity by which they were made rich, which are potent this hour as they ever were, and which wise Co-operation will render available for the Poor of To-day. By this course, where so much land is still unappropriated and the legal right of Association is absolute and restricted, the Laborer is rendered master of their own destiny, and that of their brethren throughout the world. The Machinery he has introduced in labor and as yet unburdened with families, can save a thousand fold more than the Machinery of two years if they will; and by wisely and legally combining this in a capital of $100,000, investing it judiciously in Land, Machinery and Buildings, under the direction of their skilled and trusted Executive Committee, they may be speedily certain beneficiaries of constant employment for each, under circumstances which will in many cases be the utmost attainable, and the full reward of their labor. To Women, whose work is still more depressed and more meagerly rewarded, the means of securing independence and just reward, are scarcely less essentially the same. The workers, in every department of Industry, may secure and own the Machinery they use, and thus the profits of their labor, if they will but unitedly, particularly by toy. Throughout the Industrial Association of Labor and Capital, these benefits of them may within five years secure to the Laborer, while by best harmon and isolated competition he is reduced to miles it, and see their condition grow gradually worse and worse. Here, too, the great Agricultural Machinery is inevitably doomed, as the present condition of the Laborer renders it unjust, to strengthen sufficiently strains; Labor working for Machinery, in which it has no interest, and obtaining in the average but a scanty, precarious and diminishing subsistence; while to Labor working for itself, and thus for its own and children, there are simple economies, strongly suggested by the Exhibition, and the prospect of plenty and comfort. Such is one of the great truths confirmed by the lessons of the Crystal Palace.

THE HUMAN HAIR: ITS TREATMENT, &c.

Among the races of men, there are hair of nearly all colors—black, brown, yellow, red, and all the intermediate shades; green hair belongs to another species of animals, to grass-blades, hoarders, however, are not uncommon in Persia, where they are called Sabz-Posh, but indeed has not yet brought this color of hair into notice, although things of a more ridiculous complexion have already been made to pass for a time, and so may green hair some day become. Black is the most prevalent color of the human hair—then brown. There are lank hair, woolly hair, curled hair, and hair that is neither one nor the intermediate sorts and quality of fabric. A hair is a tube, and the colored matter who mounted on his shoulders, Mr. Jackson, Captain Aldridge," had a strong taste for scientific researches. The other gentleman in the ball is on all which passes up the interior of the tube, from the bulb to the point, is transparent. The hair of the human head is generally lighter in childhood than in middle age, and is grows gray and old people's white, however, say with recorded of hair becoming suddenly gray by the fear or grief. Hair has been pictured over case in his "Prisoner of Chillon?"

"My head is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night."

The cause of change in the color of hair is not very well known.

It is believed that a man of 50 years of age will, by our custom of cutting the hair, have cut off from his head as much hair as he did in years, and he will have shaved off about eight feet of beard. Physiologist degrees the cause of the change of color in the hair to the shaving that of the chin. They say that cutting the hair causes the blood to flow more freely to the surface of the head. Bichat attributes to pecter strength to the nucleus owing to their constant cutting of the hair and beard.

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This is but one among a thousand subjects and agencies constantly prescribing the advantages and economies of Co-operation, and indicating the practicability of its adoption. Co-operation has its way whereby Labor is to emerge from bondage, anxiety and want, and to rise to comfort and independence. This truth, long apparent to the eye of Reason, threatens to be made palpable even to stupidity and blindness by the stern logic of Necessity. Rents, rugged Labor must organize itself for their overthrow, or be overthrown. It will soon have nothing to do. It must concentrate its energies in the production of its primary and economical homes, or it will have no home but the Union Work-house. It must save and combine its earnings, or it will have no tools instead of Machinery; no Machinery, owned by and working for itself, and reduce it to Indigenousness, want, and thought.

Or every side the second march of Invention is to economize Labor. Machinery, the Great Reaper of thirty years ago, finds to-day a machine cutting and gathering the grain as it stands; he could, he gets three days' work as he scythes where he formerly had three weeks' steady harvesting: the work is as well done as of old, and far cheaper; but his share of the product is vastly diminished. The Planing Machine does the work of two hundred men admirably, and pays moderate wages to three or four; the Sewing Machine of moderate cost, performs easily and cheaply the labors of forty seamstresses: but all the seamstresses in the world probably do not own the first machine. And so steadily through every industry, machines are more and more a drag in the market, silvery as

VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

[We have been greatly amused and interested, in reading the Report of the School Commissioner of Exeter, N. H., for the year ending March 30th, 1853, a copy of which has happened to stray away to our table. It is from the pen of *Prof. J. G. Hoyt.* The writer keeps up a running fire of sharp, rapid discharges, from the first page to the last, not one thing of value and worth, as the many capital hits he makes will show. We copy below a few extracts only from the Report, for the especial benefit of each of our readers as are parents, teachers or scholars:]

It is no child's play to take care of children. In the mistakes and reckless training in themselves entertained, that, while the highest order of talent and acquisition is requisite in the instructor, the humblest capacity is considered adequate for the management of the school-room. The dead horse, which would pollute the spring, might not seriously injure the whole stream. There is no more moral influence, no virtue however unyielding, no knowledge however profound, no wisdom however exalted, which may not find full scope for its highest exercise even in an Infant School.

SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

Of one of the Grammar Schools taught by a lady, he says:

Whenever we have been pressed, perfect order has practised without any apparent effort on the part of the child, might be pointed to. Boys, who, in their untamed strength and reckless glee, would make the hills echo with their shouts, and the fall wound of their labor. To Women, whose work is still more depressed and more meagerly rewarded, the means of securing independence and just reward, are scarcely less essentially the same. The workers, in every department of Industry, may secure and own the Machinery they use, and thus the profits of their labor, if they will but unitedly, particularly by toy. Throughout the Industrial Association of Labor and Capital, these benefits of them may within five years secure to the Laborer, while by best harmon and isolated competition he is reduced to miles it, and see their condition grow gradually worse and worse. Here, too, the great Agricultural Machinery is inevitably doomed, as the present condition of the Laborer renders it unjust, to strengthen sufficiently strains; Labor working for Machinery, in which it has no interest, and obtaining in the average but a scanty, precarious and diminishing subsistence; while to Labor working for itself, and thus for its own and children, there are simple economies, strongly suggested by the Exhibition, and the prospect of plenty and comfort. Such is one of the great truths confirmed by the lessons of the Crystal Palace.

THE HUMAN HAIR: ITS TREATMENT, &c.

Among the races of men, there are hair of nearly all colors—black, brown, yellow, red, and all the intermediate shades; green hair belongs to another species of animals, to grass-blades, however, are not uncommon in Persia, where they are called Sabz-Posh, but indeed has not yet brought this color of hair into notice, although things of a more ridiculous complexion have already been made to pass for a time, and so may green hair some day become. Black is the most prevalent color of the human hair—then brown. There are lank hair, woolly hair, curled hair, and hair that is neither one nor the intermediate sorts and quality of fabric. A hair is a tube, and the colored harbor who mounted on his shoulders, Mr. Jackson, Captain Aldridge," had a strong taste for scientific researches. The other gentleman in the ball is on all which passes up the interior of the tube, from the bulb to the point, is transparent. The hair of the human head is generally lighter in childhood than in middle age, and is grows gray and old people's white, however, say with recorded of hair becoming suddenly gray by the fear or grief. Hair has been pictured over case in his "Prisoner of Chillon?"

"My head is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night."

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City Scenes.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF "BUNCOMBE."

ALEXANDER, (IN DERBY.) "As it is impossible to deceive a gentleman of your great sagacity and knowledge, I shall not insult you by any elaborate exposition of my political principles. All I can say is, elect me, and you will save your country, and be always welcome at my gunpowry round the corner."

Wit and Humor.

THE RIVAL POLITICIANS.

About the year 1800, politics ran very high in Arkansas, and the two leading candidates for the office of Delegate to Congress, and their friends, were hostile to Becker. He had a neighbor living about fifteen miles from him, on the "far" side of Gulley Creek, named Lodge, who was also a candidate for the office. He was exactly "wice wersa" in his politics; and as Brandon was then a territory, it seems that the two neighbors had come cordially to hate each other.

One pleasant morning in the Spring, when the sun shone out warmly, and all nature was alive and well and after a heavy fall of two or three days' duration, Logan went down from his house, through the little strip of timber bottom, to the bank of the creek, and sat himself down on a rock log," musing, perhaps, as Uncle Toby would say, "upon the mutability of the affairs of shubbenery things."

The creek was then very nearly yards wide, and the rain had raised it so that it was swimming, covered with foam, and rotating like a mill-pond in the full head of water. Where the road crossed, on the edge of which Logan was sitting, it was the only opening in the timber which obliged the stream on each side. Above and below the road timber grew, and fruit branches hung gracefully in the water, and swung to and fro in the swift current.

After Logan had sat there a little while, Judge Scott came riding down the road on the other side, his bridle-rein thrown loose on his mare's neck, and looked across without saying anything, but looked as if he thought. Logan looked at him, and the pain of victory was awarded in him whose far-sounding shot kindled among the trees the echoes of woe. Where the road crossed, on the edge of which Logan was sitting, it was the only opening in the timber which obliged the stream on each side. Above and below the road timber grew, and fruit branches hung gracefully in the water, and swung to and fro in the swift current.

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